THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1807.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE contemplation of virtue, at all times a pleasing object for the mind to dwell on, is then more particularly delightful when we find it associated with dignity of rank, and opulence of fortune; from the consideration of the extensive influence, and of the increased power to do good, with which the possessor of these advantages is endowed. When, on the other hand, they are the attendants on the profligate, they enhance our abhorrence of vice, and we shudder with indignation and disgust, that so much power to do ill should be placed in the hands of those, who display so ready an inclination to exert it to the uttermost. The more exalted the station, the wider is the circle of its influence; and Royalty confers a truly awful responsibility on its possessor, as it renders dependent on the will of one, the happiness or misery of millions. No object, therefore, of contemplation can be more luxurious to the mind of the philanthropist, than that of this power exerted for the general benefit of those within the sphere of its exertion. Thus, while we shrink with aversion from the turbulent politics, and baleful intrigues of an ISABELLE DE BAVIERE, or a KATHARINE DE'MEDICI, we repose with calm delight on

the contemplation of the halycon virtues of a MARY, (wife of William III.) of a CAROLINE, and a CHARLOTTE.

To the latter class, of those who have benefited mankind by their example, and advanced its happiness by their diffusive influence, we can with pleasure refer the illustrious character who forms the subject of the present article. MARIA LOUISA ELIZABETH ALEXIEWNA, the daughter of Prince Charles, of Baden Durlach, (a small margravate on the Rhine, in the circle of Suabia), was born January 4th, 1779. Her hand was demanded in marriage, by the late Empress Katharine, in the name of her grandson Alexander, now the Emperor of Russia. The established religion of Baden being Lutheran, while Russia adheres to the tenets of the Greek Church, her adoption into the bosom of the latter was performed with the most splendid ceremony; and her marriage took place on 9th October, 1793. Her life has glided on in an uniform tenor of benevolence, and the love of her people has rewarded her endeavours to gain their esteem and affection. Worthy of her magnanimous husband, while he, at the head of his armies, supports the cause of Europe against the GRAND ENEMY of the civilized world, she consults and promotes the interest, the comfort, and the happiness of the various nations subject to the widely extended sway of the Russian sceptre.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CVI.

MY VENERABLE MOTHER,

FOR I suppose you are a mother, and probably have grand children, aye, and great grand children too, let me catechise you a little, and see what I can make of you? I confess I am sometimes much pleased with your lucubrations; but they are not always on subjects to my mind; and liberal as you are in giving advice, I feel myself at a loss on many points which I respectfully submit to you in the way of question. Young as I am, and if I may believe my glass

and the gentlemen too, handsome into the bargain, with a tolerable independent fortune, I am not above taking counsel, and therefore I flatter myself, out of your great benignity and large knowledge, you will not withhold your answers to queries which I think it necessary for my satisfaction, and likewise my happiness, to be resolved in. But you must not expect method; and as I do not mean to be impertinent, you will have the goodness not to be touchy with me, though they say that old women are always so; and if I have the pleasure of finding you otherwise, I shall set you down as the paragon of ancient matrons.

I am, venerable dame, yours, as you treat me,

LYDIA QUISITIVE.

Q. When should a girl be out of leading strings, or in other words, when may she answer for herself, without referring backwards and forwards to mamma?

A. When she has *prudence* to walk alone, and can be satisfied in her heart and conscience, that she owes no farther duty to the author of her being, and the guide of her youth.

Q. When a young fellow says soft things to a daughter, and appears desirous to conceal his partiality from a father or mother, is he to be implicitly trusted?

A. No.

Q. If a girl has half a dozen admirers, and feels no partial attachment for either, is she to run the risque of losing them all by rejecting their suits, and telling them the truth, or is she to keep them all in hopes, till she finds how her heart will decide?

A. None but a coquette can ever be in such a predicament.

Q. Suppose a father were to press the suit of one lover, a mother of a second, and my own heart incline to a third, whose claims should be preferred?

A. I am not casuist enough to determine—but if possible, duty and inclination should be combined.

Q. How is a woman to know whether her person, her mind, or her fortune, is the principal object of attraction, when a gentleman makes her a *tendre* of his love?

A. She may form a pretty good guess, from the value she herself attaches to those qualities.

Q. Is a good natured fool, or a sensible and agreeable rake to be preferred for a husband?

A. Neither in my opinion is very desirable—but virtue ought always to have the preference.

Q. Is it prudent or safe to confess attachment, whatever we may feel, till we are certain that we have engaged it?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Should we dissemble love, after we are sure that we are loved, and have no reason to be ashamed of it, and violate no duty by owning it?

A. No.

Q. When a lover absents himself from the person whose affection he has tried for some time to engage, and urges her to correspond with him, ought she to comply?

A. Letter writing is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a young lady, and never should be used without the privity of parents and guardians.

Q. Is it prudent to form any partial connection with a person whom circumstances will not allow to marry, till perhaps a remote and uncertain period?

A. Such connections are generally unfortunate; and though they are frequently formed with the best intentions on both sides, it is wisdom to avoid them.

Q. Is it in any case adviseable to marry a man much younger or much older than one's self?

A. The age should undoubtedly be on the man's side; but if there is too great a disparity either way, it is apt to lay the foundation of jealousy, and with jealousy love can never dwell.

Q. Is it necessary to have an ardent passion for a man whom we consent to attend to the altar, or is a match of prudence as likely to be happy as a match of love?

A. Without prudence there can be no happiness. In the married state, friendship is a more durable passion than love.

Q. Should a married woman endeavour to support her influence by resistance or by submission?

A. No man of a generous spirit will submit to be ruled by a woman; and even the worst men will be more swayed by silent submission, and an uniform attention to please,

than by the loudest remonstrances, even when they are felt to be just.

Q. Is a woman, when married, to have no will of her own?

A. To support her influence by her amiable qualities is truly honourable, and cannot fail to have the desired effect; but what she gains by contention, will be infinitely more than balanced by the loss of her husband's affection.

Q. Is it better to remain single, or to marry?

A. That question must depend on circumstances. Celibacy is not the state of nature; but it is always more desirable than an imprudent match.

Q. Should a woman conceal any thing from the man she has resolved to marry, that concerns herself?

A. If she does, she is laying the foundation of future misery to herself and her husband; and if concealments are criminal in the immediate prospect of marriage, they are so in a tenfold degree afterwards.

Q. Is a wife bound to superintend the early education of her children, as well as vigilantly to manage the affairs of her household?

A. This question scarcely requires an answer: the relation in which a wife stands exacts these duties of her as sacred rights.

Q. When a woman is married, how far is her duty to her parents allowable, when it interferes with her duty to her husband?

A. The last obligation we contract, always, in some measure, supersedes the former. A wife ought to be passive and obedient; and if she cannot reconcile jarring interests by private influence, not to widen the breach by active and public interference.

Q. Is it the duty of a wife to shew respect to those whom her husband respects?

A. It is undoubtedly her duty to shew them every degree of *civility*: *respect* is not always in our own power; it is felt and not shewn.

Q. Is it not the duty of a husband to indulge his wife in all her reasonable wants and wishes?

A. Of this he ought to be the best judge. What may appear *reasonable* to the one, would often, I fear, appear

ruinous to the other. In families and societies there can be but one supreme head; and God and nature have made the husband that head.

I have answered my inquisitive correspondent LYDIA QUISITIVE, with all the candour and impartiality that I hope she can expect. Should my sentiments be of any service to her or others, who may be desirous of similar information, I shall congratulate myself on giving her questions a place in this paper. It has never been my aim to flatter prejudices, or confirm error. I know it is for the interest and the happiness of my sex, to adopt the otherwise exploded doctrine of "passive obedience," in regard to husbands. The woman

> "Who never answers till his temper cools,
> And if she rules him, shews not that she rules,"

will seldom have reason to regret the policy of her conduct, or the principles that direct her.

FEMALE HEROISM.

SOMETIME ago, there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of considerable fortune. After a correspondence of gallantries, which lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it; she only desired of him that they might have one meeting before they parted for ever.

The place appointed for this meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pistol, and shot her lover in the heart, so

that he fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him, and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off; and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought the soul of her dear Count was? He replied, that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her phrenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased (from a consideration that he was upon breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life) before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end.

Upon the day of her execution, she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. She was placed in a chair, according to the custom of that place; where, after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the signal appointed for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

ON ECONOMY IN THE FAIR SEX.

ECONOMY is so important a part of a lady's character, and so essential to her performing the proper duties of a wife and mother, let her circumstances be what they may, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the *first* duties of life. It is nevertheless an *art* as well as a *virtue*—and many well meaning

persons, from ignorance, or from inconsiderateness, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed it is too often wholly neglected in a young lady's education, and she is sent from her parents to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it.

This is the source of much inconvenience, for though experience and attention may supply, by degrees, the want of instruction, yet this requires time. The family in the mean time may get into habits, which are very difficult to alter; and, what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. The first and greatest point, is to lay out your general plan of living, in a just proportion to your fortune and rank.

If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably *within* your income, not for the pleasure of amassing wealth, but to provide for contingencies, and to have the power of indulging your choice in the overplus, though where there is a growing family, it is an absolute duty to lay by something every year. Regularity of payments and accounts is essential to economy; your house-keeping should be settled at least once a week, and all bills paid; all other tradesmen should be paid at farthest once a year. You must also endeavour to acquire skill in purchasing.

In your table, as well as dress, aim at propriety and neatness, or if your situation demands it, elegance rather than superfluous figure. Needle-work is a principal part of good housewifery, many young ladies make almost every thing they wear, by which means they can make a genteel figure at a small expence. Early rising, and a good disposition of your time is requisite, as is the neatness and order of your house and furniture. Those who are continually changing their servants, have often too much reason to believe it is their own fault. Carefully avoid making a favourite of any, as it will excite envy and hatred in the rest.

THE
INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;
OR,
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

THAT celebrated and sentimental tourist, Mr. Sterne, informs us, that "individuals travelling in a public vehicle imperceptibly form a greater intimacy with each other in the space of a few hours, than an occasional communication between them would produce in as many months;" but whether this opinion is correct or erroneous, remains to be proved. There doubtless is no rule without an exception; and as I am one of those creatures on whom fortune seldom smiles, I might have been peculiarly unfortunate in the heterogeneous mass of beings who assembled in the C——— stage.

A desire of reading mankind, and making observations upon the diversity of characters, induced me to prefer a conveyance which contained six persons in the inside, to either of the Diligences, or a post-coach. I had secured my place according to custom, but the hackney-coachman whom I had engaged was rather beyond his time, and the vehicle was driving out of the inn-yard at the very moment I arrived.

"You have just nicked it, master," exclaimed the driver, hallooing to the hostler, to open the carriage-door; "the gentlefolks within were so devilishly impatient, that I was forced to set out."—Set out, indeed, thought I, upon seeing the door opened; but how am I to get in? for a female of Amazonian appearance was seated by the side of an equally corpulent man, and it required no small exertion of mechanical ingenuity to wedge myself between. But as I neither make mountains of mole-hills, or difficulties of trifles, I contrived to squeeze myself in, and was just going to apologize for passing the lady, when she exclaimed—"Ad rat it!—you've trod upon my corn!" in a voice so completely sonorous, that I could fancy at the present moment it reverberated upon my ears.

The apology which I had framed for having detained the company a few moments was now directed into another form, and in submissive accents I begged ten thousand pardons for the mischief I had unintentionally done. There are some ungracious spirits, whose asperity seems augmented in proportion to the civility and attention of those with whom they associate in life, and this appeared to be the case with my charming companion, who, instead of being softened by my apology, acquired an additional portion of spleen, and not only attacked me for the injury her corns had suffered, but for my want of politeness, in having detained the stage.

It was a doubtful point with me for some moments, whether I should retaliate this piece of rudeness, or again hold out the olive-branch of peace; but as good-humour happily got the better of resentment, I told her I knew it was impossible for her long to be displeased.—"Those lovely dimples," said I, "my dear madam, convince me that your countenance is generally irradiated by a smile." A deep drawn hum from the old gentleman, with a significant glance directed towards a young lady on the opposite side, convinced me that I had made an assertion which had but little foundation in truth; but so instantaneous was the effect of this compliment, that my companion actually began to draw in her cheeks, which were so inflated by fat that she might as well have attempted to produce a dimple on the back of her hand. The effort however was evidently not lost upon the young lady, who burst into a tittering laugh, which so completely disconcerted the elder one, that I began to fear a second compliment would scarcely restore her to good-humour again; yet the experiment was worth trying, and fortunately it was crowned with success.

As the young lady and myself were seated vis-a-vis, I endeavoured to accommodate her feet, which her aunt observing, desired her to have none of her forward airs, but keep her feet at a proper distance, and not let them interfere with mine.—"Lord have mercy upon me! if one goes out for a little pleasure, you are always so perticular," replied miss, "that I am sure one has no enjoyment; you quite forgets as how you was young yourself."—"Pleasure indeed!" retorted a prim female, about forty, who hitherto had not ar-

ticulated a word; "I should think, ma'am, there could be very little pleasure in travelling by a stage-coach; for my part, I would rather bear the greatest exertion than ever set my foot into these vulgar things; but one of my horses is ill, and I do not think it prudent for an unprotected woman to travel in a post-chaise."

Gravity itself must have smiled at this declaration; therefore it was not wonderful that the risible faculties of a giggling girl should have been put into play; for, God knows, our timid companion might have travelled unmolested to the farthest extremity of the globe; for never was a figure so completely calculated to repel those gallantries she seemed to dread. Her skin resembled dried parchment stretched over a parcel of bones; her nose perhaps might have been Grecian, but it appeared to have received an unlucky blow, which had so entirely flattened it, that it was scarcely perceptible in a profile; her eyes possessed one advantage, as each looked a different way; and her mouth—but where shall I find a comparison!—Reader, didst thou ever behold a young magpie gaping to receive sustenance?—if thou hast, imagination may picture its shape!

The description of Pharaoh's fat and lean kine was happily represented in the opposite forms of Mr. Mountain and Mrs. Thynne, which I afterwards understood were the names of my companions, each of whom seemed to view the other with reciprocal contempt. Mr. Mountain, who had observed a profound silence, now made the sagacious remark, "that he thought folks, who were above travelling in stages, had better walk on foot."—"No, demme! that would be more hazardous than a post-chaise," exclaimed a young gentleman, whose fierce cocked-hat proclaimed him a son of Mars; "the lady would be picked up before she had walked twenty yards.—By G—, Sir, I speak feelingly; for if I was to meet such a divinity unprotected, I should not be able to resist that assemblage of charms!"

This assertion was followed by a loud laugh, in which both Mr. Mountain and Miss Sally joined. The lady told him, he was an impertinent puppy, and a disgrace to the profession to which he belonged. "Disgrace! my sweet charmer!" he repeated; "love and glory, you know, are always combined.—What say you?" continued he, clapping

me familiarly upon the shoulder; "are you not an advocate for women, glory, and wine?"

"I am an advocate for the former being always treated with politeness," I replied, in a grave tone of voice; "for though I admire wit, it must be genuine, and think the infirmities of nature are by no means fair subjects for ridicule or sport." My companion, it is true, had disgusted me by her affected delicacy, and I felt an inward presentiment that she was either a duenna or a lady's maid; and as to the horses she had mentioned, I considered them merely a pair of shanks' nags. Still there was a grossiérete in the young fellow's conduct, which I thought demanded reproof; and I was not much better pleased with Miss Sally or her uncle, for joining in the laugh.

The coach at this moment drove into the Red Lion: the waiters ran, and the steps were brought; the captain instantly sprang out of the carriage, and left the ladies to shift for themselves. So completely was I wedged in between Mr. and Mrs. Mountain, that every effort of politeness must have proved vain; and I was forced to wait until one of their cumbrous bodies thought proper to move; and never did I feel the comfort of liberty so delightful, as at the moment I found myself able to stretch my limbs.

"Show the gentlefolks into the Sun," vociferated my landlady, in an authoritative tone of voice.—"Bring the hot rolls—carry in the coffee——Here, Tom—Harry, what are you all about?" Mr. Mountain viewed the hot rolls with an eye of eagerness and satisfaction; but lifting up the upper side of each, his countenance became suddenly overclouded, and he emphatically declared they were as dry as a chip. His helpmate, who seemed equally to relish the good things of this life, for once agreed in opinion with her spouse: a slice of butter was instantly ordered, and the rolls soon swam in grease, which reanimated Mountain's dejected features, and he commenced his attack with apparent glee. Unluckily, however, the oily liquid descended from his chin upon a new surtout, which misfortune was no sooner espied by his lady, than she condemned his greediness in the most pointed terms; and drawing a red-and-white handkerchief from her pocket, tucked it under his chin.

"Oh the delectable joys of matrimony! how enviable

appeared to me this happy mortal's fate! to have had a red pocket-handkerchief tucked under my chin by a pair of hands like those of Mrs. Mountain's, I would have given more than worlds—I would have sacrificed my life!" The captain had seated himself by Miss Sally, and was officiously aiding her in making the tea; and as breakfast is a meal for which I never feel a relish, I was at liberty to make my observations upon the circumstances which occurred, and soon discovered that the lady and gentleman had been acquainted long before their apparent accidental meeting in the coach. Of this circumstance neither the uncle or aunt seemed to entertain the slightest suspicion, though notes passed under the table between them, whilst miss appeared occupied in making tea. In short, I am inclined to believe he might have embraced her without the intercourse of tenderness being seen; for the new-laid eggs, rich cream, and hot rolls, were too attractive for a single glance to be directed towards their niece.

My thoughts were imperceptibly drawn from this intriguing couple by a female figure, who had twice or thrice slowly passed the windows of the room. My eyes eagerly followed her footsteps, and I perceived that she entered the house. A sympathetic emotion suddenly seized me; she looked unhappy, and she claimed relief. I was in the very act of going in search of her, when the door opened, and she entered the room.

Distress was painted upon her expressive countenance; her lovely eyes were suffused in tears, and to prevent her trembling frame from falling, she was under the necessity of supporting it by the back of a chair. Every eye was instantly directed towards her; but, great God! what inhuman, what forbidding eyes they were! for, instead of expressing pity and commiseration, they seemed to ask for what purpose she had intruded herself there.

"Young woman, what do you want?" enquired Mrs. Mountain, in an appalling tone of voice.—"Aye, what do you want?" repeated the inhuman being, whom I had rescued from the sarcasms of Captain Flash.—"Charity," replied the afflicted mourner, bursting into a flood of tears.—"Charity begins at home," said Mr. Mountain, cramming half a roll into his capacious jaws.—"Oh, deamne! sir,"

exclaimed the captain, throwing half-a-crown upon the table, "who would refuse a trifle to such a supplicating pair of eyes?—Come, come, draw your purse-strings, we'll give her half-a-crown apiece."—"Half-a-crown, indeed!" repeated the astonished Mrs. Thynne; "she is very well off I think already; it is only encouraging indolence and vice."

"Pardon me, madam," said the suppliant, in the gentlest tone of voice; "misfortune of the severest nature induced me to solicit charity—and I assure you it is the first time."—"Oh, it is always the first time, for the matter of that," rejoined Mr. Mountain; "I might as well say it is the first time as I ever eat an egg," breaking the shell of one at the same moment, and directing towards the stranger an insulting glance.

"Will any person follow that gentleman's example?" said I, putting the half-crown into the poor creature's hand; "if they are disinclined to perform an act of charity, let them not insult a fellow-creature's woes; misfortune ought, and shall, be held sacred, wherever I am a party concerned."

The solemnity of my voice, and the sternness of my features, as I made this declaration, produced the desired effect; for both Mrs. Thynne and Mountain instantly put a shilling into my hand, and Sally drew her purse from her pocket, but was ordered to replace it by her aunt.—"That's damm'd shameful, madam!" exclaimed the young soldier; "you are paving your own way to heaven, and shutting the gate against your niece; but she shall do an act of charity if she likes it—so take my purse and give what you please." So saying, he tendered it to Sally, who unreluctantly took from it half-a-crown, and presented it with an air of triumph, rather than with genuine feeling of heart.

As I have ever practised the doctrine of our Redeemer, or in other words, not allowed my left-hand to know what my right performed, I resolved to follow the interesting mendicant out of the room, that no person might know whether I was niggardly or liberal in the boon which I bestowed. Perceiving the adjoining apartment unoccupied, I intreated the stranger to walk in, assuring her she had excited in my breast a sentiment superior to curiosity, and in-

treating her to inform me by what means she had been reduced to such distress; "for," said I, "your person and appearance convince me you were not born to this humble state." At this moment I perceived fresh horses approaching: curiosity was wound up to its highest pitch, yet I knew it would be impossible to have it gratified without some plausible delay; therefore, calling the coachman, I held half-a-crown between my fingers, and told him it was to be the reward of civility if he would wait half an hour. The captain had by this time quitted his Dulcinea, and was blustering about the yard, swearing the company were out of patience at being delayed so long.

"We will be off in a moment, please your honor," said the coachman; at the same time stooping down and examining the wheels. "Why, damme Jack, you are a pretty sort of fellow! this here linch-pin would have broke before we had got half a mile," he exclaimed, calling to the hostler, and desiring a new one and a hammer might instantly be brought. The captain instantly repaired to his party to inform them of their providential escape, and I returned to the afflicted mourner, who related her simple history in the following words:

THE PRETENDED MARRIAGE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF ELIZA.

My father, Sir, inherited a small estate from his ancestors; you probably observed a white cottage, adjoining the mill, and in that humble habitation I first drew my infant breath. My mother unfortunately died in child-bed of her seventh son, and at this period I was not more than fifteen months old. A sister of my father undertook to manage his family, though ill did she supply our irreparable loss; for dogs and cats occupied that affection which ought to have been bestowed upon us. My father was too much engaged in his business to know the unkind treatment we received; and as in his presence my aunt always behaved to us with kindness, he had no idea of the miserable life we led. As a child, I was thought to possess some personal attractions:

the lady of the manor happened to see me when about five years of age, and pleased with my conversation and appearance, offered to take me home. The offer was gratefully accepted;—my little heart burned with delight; for the caresses which Lady Charlotte bestowed upon me, seemed a foretaste of the happiness I was to enjoy.

Though Lady Charlotte was at that time fifty, she entered into all my childish sports, and never is the sudden transition from misery to happiness to be effaced from my grateful heart. Though blest with affluence, she had felt the severest misfortunes; she had lost the object of her fondest regard, and two lovely children, within the short space of a few months.

Ardent in my disposition, and strong in my affections, the enthusiastic fondness I displayed towards her, was soothing to her heart; and when introducing me to her friends, she always told them that in *me* she had found a solace for her woes. With maternal anxiety she superintended my education; masters of every kind were procured; and as gratitude inspired me with emulation, I soon acquired a degree of excellence in whatever I was taught.

Though Lady Charlotte had no children, she had nieces and a nephew, who soon began to view me with an envious eye, and who subjected me to all those painful mortifications which inventive malice was able to devise. It was not merely from the relations of Lady Charlotte that I received mortifying indignities; for my own envied the superiority of my fate; and if I obtained leave to pass a day in the bosom of my family, I always returned home with my eyes suffused in tears. My benefactress, exasperated against them by this mode of conduct, at length declared I should never again visit the mill; and sending for my father, condemned him with severity for suffering his other children to behave unkindly to *her little girl*. My poor father unfortunately possessed too independent a spirit, and thinking himself insulted by her ladyship's remarks, unceremoniously told her she was welcome to *keep me always at home*; adding, that he did not care three farthings if he never again saw me at the mill.

Thus then was I renounced by my natural protector; but

the kindness of my benefactress increased, and though at first I was deeply affected by the cruelty of my father's behaviour, a little time conquered my grief, and five years elapsed without ever seeing any of my family, except by accident or at church. As I increased in years, Lady Charlotte's relations seemed no longer to feel envious of the affection she displayed, and not only paid me every attention in her presence, but when she was out of sight. In delicacy to the memory of this amiable woman, I shall conceal the name of those to whom she was allied, and who inherited her personal property and her estate. At the time of my being received into the family, Mr. Edward L——— was about fifteen, and his twin sisters eighteen months older than himself. That dislike which, as a boy, he had always testified towards me, even in the presence of his aunt, in the course of a few years seemed converted into affection, and he took every opportunity of evincing his regard. The impressions of childhood, however, are not easily eradicated; and I was better pleased at receiving decided proofs of his *hatred*, than marks of love and esteem; in short, he had inspired me with an unconquerable aversion, which I found it impossible to overcome.

I will not, Sir, attempt to repeat the various stratagems he practised to induce me to listen to those addresses which I despised: his sisters even became advocates for him, yet in the presence of my benefactress he was always reservedly polite, and instead of displaying the slightest symptom of attachment, behaved with as much distance as if we had scarcely ever met. This mode of conduct increased my antipathy; but to account for it, he informed me his aunt was desirous of his marrying the daughter of the Earl of C——, a young lady to whom he professed the greatest aversion, yet as he was dependent upon his relation, he informed me he dared not openly reject her choice: "but my dearest Eliza," he would say, "when once the priest has united our destiny, my aunt will then find resistance vain; and that love which she feels for you will plead in our favour, and her affectionate heart will easily relent."

It was in vain that I assured him I never could return his affection, and threatened, if he persevered in tormenting me,

to tell his aunt; for my dislike, instead of repelling, seemed to augment his passion, and at length he became absolutely hateful to my sight. Instead of occasionally spending a week or fortnight at the castle, he made it his constant place of abode, so that in fact I had not any respite; for he would never suffer me to be one moment alone. My benefactress had been ill, and was ordered to ride out double, which she used to do every evening and morn; and during these excursions, I always made a point of locking myself up in my own apartment until I saw her return.

A letter, however, was delivered one morning at breakfast to this designing young man, which he perused with evident emotion, and then presented it to his aunt. Lady Charlotte, after reading it, exclaimed, "You cannot hesitate a moment! order the horses to be saddled, and fly to your friend's relief." "My heart," replied Edward, "would lead me to follow your ladyship's counsel, but my purse is drained to its very dregs." Lady Charlotte instantly arose from the table, and opening a writing desk, presented him with an hundred pound note; upon which, embracing her hand with the warmest expressions of gratitude, he hurried out of the room, for the purpose of making preparations for his journey to London, to perform the last duty which friendship requires.

Previous to Mr. Edward's residence in the castle, I was always in the habit of strolling round the grounds, and visiting the poor in the neighbourhood, who were sustained in great measure by the benevolence of his aunt; but as he always pursued my footsteps, I had for several weeks discontinued my usual walks. Finding myself once more at liberty to gratify my inclination, as soon as Lady Charlotte set out on horseback, I followed her on foot, for the purpose of visiting her humble pensioners, and enquiring into their various wants. A gracious smile greeted me upon entering each humble dwelling: my heart felt emotions of unexpressible delight, and I sat listening to the tales of each grateful cottager, without being sensible of the approach of night. A woodman, whose wife had lived many years with a benefactress, intreated permission to attend me home; and we had just reached the gate of the shrubbery, when I found my arms rudely seized, whilst the being, on whose support

I was depending, was forcibly dragged from me, and bound to a tree. This act of cruelty was performed without a word being uttered by the perpetrators of it, whose countenances were concealed by a piece of black crape; and so completely was I overwhelmed with terror, that both voice and action totally failed; and, though at the first moment of the grasp, I uttered a shriek that was penetrating, I had not the power of making the slightest resistance, and was carried into a chaise.

Two of the men jumped in after me, whilst the third mounted a horse which a servant led, and we set off with a greater degree of swiftness than I could have imagined it possible for any carriage to have moved. Stupified as my faculties had been by this unexpected act of violence, I regained sufficient composure to ask what it meant, but dumbness seemed to have seized my companions, and not a single word escaped their lips. To have made any resistance would have been madness; yet we travelled with such rapidity that I knew the horses must soon be changed; then I resolved to exert my voice, and implore assistance from the people of the inn where we stopped.

Vain however proved the hopes which I had cherished—fresh horses met us upon an extensive plain, and though the moon had arose in cloudless majesty, not a creature but the postilions was to be seen. As my body was entirely free from coercion, I threw down the front glass, and in the most imploring accents besought the drivers to rescue me from the power of these men, and, at the same time, promised their *humanity* any *reward* they should name.

One of my companions instantly called to the servant, and desired to know where the straight waistcoat was, "for her mad fit (said he) is coming on again, and it will save us the trouble of holding her hands." The straight waistcoat was instantly produced, which convinced the postilions that the story which had been fabricated was true; and I might have said with the apostle Paul—"*I am not mad*" to eternity, before the assertion would have been believed. I beheld this badge of insane calamity with sensations of horror which no language can paint; and dropping on my knees before my persecutors, intreated that my person might not be restrained; when a voice, which I instantly

recognized to be that of Edward, assured me that no violence should be used; and withdrawing the crape at the same moment, he impressed the most ardent kisses upon my hand, declaring that my coldness alone could have induced him to adopt a measure which his heart condemned.

That I was not in the power of robbers I had felt a conviction; but I had not the most distant idea that my benefactress's nephew was one of the parties concerned, so completely was his person altered by the dress he had assumed. That he had instigated the measure, I thought at the moment I found myself forced into the chaise, yet I could not believe he would have had the audacity to appear in the *character* of a *depredator* upon his *aunt's domain*. I once more threw myself upon my knees before him, and with the pathos of persuasion intreated him to restore me to my friend, and, at the same time, called Heaven to witness my resolution of never betraying his conduct to his aunt.

"Can you, my beloved Eliza, (said he) suppose it possible that I will resign that felicity which I have taken so much pains to enjoy? No, my sweet girl; every desire but *this* I will gratify, and in doing so, feel both *pleasure* and *delight;* the priest, in less than an hour, will join our destiny, and I will then present you to Lady Charlotte, as my *adored*, my *beloved wife*."

"Never! never will I be persuaded to bestow my hand upon a man whom my heart rejects; and if a dagger was held to my bosom, rather than become your wife, I would force it into my breast!"

"Then what say you to becoming my *mistress?* most adorable of *women!*" he exclaimed, catching me rudely in his arms, and embracing me with a violence that roused every indignant feeling of my heart. "Pardon this excess of love, beauteous Eliza;" said he, dropping upon his knees. "I will be all you wish—the most submissive of mortals—if you will consent to become my wife; but I now swear by all that is sacred, that I am resolved to gratify the passion you have inspired."—Then pulling out his watch, which the brightness of the moon allowed him to examine,—"We shall arrive at the place of destiny," said he, "in less than half an hour. Short as is the time, to me it will appear ages, for the priest is waiting, and an especial

licence is prepared. Come, my slow love, the ceremony waits! be comforted—bless me, oh, bless me! with *one gracious smile.*"

"I ought to apologize for thus particularizing circumstances, sir, (said the fair narrator) but they are so deeply impressed upon my mind, that in gratifying your wish of hearing my simple history, I could not avoid dwelling upon unconnected parts, or rather upon those which prove the deception of the villain who has destroyed my happiness, and blasted my fame." Agitation, for a few moments, stopped the power of utterance; but, recovering herself, she pursued her melancholy tale.

"To smile upon the wretch who was in the act of rendering my life miserable, was impossible: I burst into a copious flood of tears, which were checked, or rather suspended, by the carriage driving into a large court-yard.—That we had been *expected,* was evident, from the lights in the different apartments; a servant in livery opened the chaise door, and an elderly lady received us in an old-fashioned hall. "My pretty love," said she, "you look quite exhausted. Lord bless your little innocent heart; why, I warrant you have been all of a flutter; but a lover, to gain his mistress, would fly over the Alps;—a faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady, and the captain was forced to play his cards nicely with his aunt." A look from the captain silenced our loquacious hostess; he eagerly enquired whether the clergyman was arrived, and whether every thing had been prepared for the ceremony, which was to constitute *him,* my *protector* for *life.*

Having been answered in the affirmative, he desired refreshments might immediately be brought, and that the man, who presumed to appear under the sacred character of a clergyman, might be introduced. The wretch appeared, clad in a surplice.—"Sir," said I, throwing myself at his feet; "I implore you to rescue me from a thraldom which will be the means of embittering every moment of my life:—Never will I consent to be united to that gentleman, and, at *your peril,* repeat over us the *matrimonial form.*"

"A choice is given you, my dear young lady," replied the hypocrite, "you have, I understand, encouraged this

gentleman's love; yet, by one of those caprices to which your sex is liable, you now express an aversion to the object towards whom you once felt the warmest regard. Still he feels the ardency of a tender passion, and by a stratagem, (perhaps unwarrantable) has you now under his command, therefore you have only a few minutes to determine whether you will consent to gratify his passion, or become his *lawful wife.*"

"In one hour I will decide, if I am left to my own reflection;" replied I, in a frantic tone of voice. "*One hour!*" exclaimed Edward, "*No*, not for a *kingdom*, would I consent to wait the elapse of such a period of time! Eliza," continued he, "I have too long been trifled with; Will you or will you *not*, consent to become my wife? this house is *mine*, every creature in it is at my disposal, and all resistance would be vain; yet to prove the delicacy of my attachment, I am prepared with a *license* and a priest—— say but the word, and we shall be indissolubly united—*reject me*, and prepare for the worst—for, by the Power that made me, I will not sleep until I have gratified my desires."

My fair historian was here interrupted, by the coachman abruptly opening the door, and exclaiming—"Is your honour ready? for the company will not wait; and I must, as it is, drive as if the devil was behind me, for at the next stage the coaches change."

"You may drive to the devil if you like it, my good fellow," said I, smiling; "for I shall not get into your coach; I am too much interested in this lady's story to leave her until it is brought to a close." "But your honour will lose your fare:" rejoined the coachman, flattering himself, perhaps, that I might meet a second object to interest my feelings upon the road. "D— the fare!" I exclaimed, "I will run the hazard of any other conveyance; for at present I am forcibly attracted to this spot, so bring my portmanteau out of your vehicle, and take this to drink this lady's health."

So saying, I presented him with a shilling; Eliza caught me by the arm, and intreated she might not delay my journey, least it might be attended with inconvenience to myself. I assured her, however, that the inconvenience would

be trifling, as I was a citizen of the world, and had neither mother, wife, or mistress to call my actions to account. The coachman instantly obeyed my orders, the portmanteau was delivered into the waiter's care, and raising my hand to my uninteresting fellow travellers, I intreated Eliza to proceed with her tale; but she arose from her seat, declaring she could not bear the idea of my incurring an additional expence. "I am not quite so poor as you imagine," said I, shaking a purse tolerably well filled, "and would lose twenty fares for the gratification of serving a fellow creature in distress."

(To be continued.)

THE PEDESTRIAN.

NO. IV.

THE HABERDASHER.

THERE is nothing which conduces so much to render existence desirable to mankind, as hope; it is continually presenting us with some new object, some favourite project, to the attainment of which we look forward with inexpressible delight; it becomes our chief idea, we anticipate the happiness which we shall derive from it, and we feel insensibly happy merely by the anticipation of pleasure which we are destined, perhaps, never to enjoy; or if to enjoy, in so inferior a degree, that we cannot but look back with vexation on the glowing pictures of our own fancy. Whenever we anticipate future happiness, we picture it to ourselves as perfect, and without one of those vexatious circumstances and events which, experience daily convinces us, are destined to attend enjoyments of mankind. For a favourite scheme we are willing to subject ourselves to many inconveniencies, yet when we are in possession of it, satiety succeeds; and unless some fresh allurement presents itself to our pursuit, we are apt to be unjust, and rail at all mankind for the errors of a few. It is much the same, as when in winter we wish for summer, and thus we see with pleasure the days increase in length and warmth, and the vegetation of nature proceed

till they have gained the utmost extent, and we our utmost wishes. Yet our joys are of short duration, the days insensibly decline, and sickly autumn soon stretches its hand over the beauties of creation: then comes disappointment, our hopes and our pleasures have past away, and expectation is no more. And thus it is in every state of life; we enjoy happiness most in thinking of it, but if we lose that pleasure, our existence wants the charm of animation, and we become useless and dissatisfied beings, viewing mankind through a false mirror, and discontented and unmindful of the blessings which Providence has bestowed upon us. A life of employment is generally that which bestows the greatest happiness; but I will not detain my readers with any further precepts, but proceed to an example.

One afternoon lately I set off to Islington, which is a considerable distance from my own residence, intending to walk there to see an old friend; but, as usual, my intentions were frustrated; before I had got half way, a storm came on, and I was compelled to accept of the shelter and conveyance of an Islington stage; in this vehicle I found only one passenger, who was a stout fat man, apparently between 50 and 60, not what my gay readers, perhaps, might call either a handsome or a genteel man, but to me he appeared to be honest and plain, and viewing him in that light, I felt very well satisfied with my companion. His face betrayed evident disappointment, and his frequent sighs convinced me that he had some cause for vexation. "Perhaps, Sir," said I, addressing myself to him, "you, as well as I, may have been disappointed in a pleasant walk this afternoon." "No, Sir," replied he, sighing as he spoke, "I an't fond of walking; besides I live at Islington, and therefore you know the walk is just the same to me let me go when I will, so I always go home in the stage; and as the coachman knows me, he is sure to be very civil, and he sets me down at my own door." "I suppose, Sir," continued I, "that you are not partial to London, by your chusing to reside a little way from it?" "Indeed you are mistaken," returned he; "I am very fond of London, and I hate Islington; I can't think how I could be such a fool as to leave Cheapside to go and live in the country; I never was fond of the country, and though my neighbours tell me that Islington is like London,

I know better, and I often wish myself behind my own counter again." "Then I suppose, Sir," said I, "that you have altered your mind since you left Cheapside?" "Why, Sir," replied he, "I confess I did like the thoughts of it once, but then I was over persuaded, and did not know my own mind it seems, so, as the saying is, I have made my bed, and in it I must lie; but if you like to hear it, I will tell you how it came about." I accepted his proposal with much pleasure. "I was born in Whitechapel, Sir," said he, "but as my father, who was a butcher, died when I was at school, my mother gave up the business, and went to live at Bow, and when I was old enough, bound me apprentice to a haberdasher in Cheapside. As my master and his family were very good sort of people, I was very well satisfied with my situation, and I had the good fortune to please them all. When I had served out my time, I became my master's journeyman, and in about five years afterwards he gave up the business to me, and retired into the country with his family—somewhere down in Essex, I believe. I remember at the time, I envied him very much, and wished that I had been in his place; but, thinks I to myself, the only way to be so, is to work as hard as possible, and so get money enough to live without business; besides, thought I, my master was as poor once as I am now. With this notion in my head, I applied myself to business with the greatest alacrity, and to save expence, my mother left Bow, and came to keep house for me. My efforts were successful, my trade flourished, and I daily increased in wealth and consequence. My mother was very frugal in her housekeeping, and as I kept no company, and never went to the public places, a great part of my money was saved as well as got. I went on in this way for some years longer, during which time I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and being in want of somebody to supply her place, I sent for a cousin out of the country, that I knew would be glad to come, as her father had a large family, and very little to keep them with. She was about my own age, and she appeared so frugal and saving, and fond of staying at home, that before she had been with me twelve months, I was induced to marry her. I don't know how it was now, but it was a bad day's work for me; for when she became my wife, it was

astonishing to see what an alteration there was in her. She wanted to invite all the neighbourhood to see her, and I was obliged to let her visit two or three people much against my inclination; but I always kept my own way so far as not to make one of her parties either at home or abroad. There was but one thing that we agreed in, and that was in my favourite scheme of retiring from business. During this time we had a daughter—I was fond of the child; and when she was nine or ten years old, I should have liked to have had her company, which I would have had when the shop was shut up, as she went to a day-school in the neighbourhood; but the mother would not hear of it, and so poor Jenny was sent to a boarding-school at Islington. I thought the first quarter's bill for schooling was very high, and well it might; for her foolish mother had let her learn music, and dancing, and drawing, and all such things which you know, Sir, could never be of any use to her, and quite spoilt the girl; for when she left off school, never was such an affected minx seen; not a thing would she do, but lie in bed till eleven o'clock, then walk out with some fine misses or other, and in the evening she was for ever going to the play, or to card-parties, or some trash of that kind; and when she was at home, she was always strumming upon her music, but instead of playing any thing that I liked, she turned up her nose at every thing that I said, calling this thing vulgar, and that thing old-fashioned, till she had like to have turned my head, and though I am used to it now, I don't like it any better than I did at first. But I declare we are almost at Islington, therefore I must come to the end of my story. At length, Sir, I became rich enough to leave off business, and I wished to have gone down into the country among my wife's relations, where I was known a little; but here again I was disappointed, my wife and daughter would not hear of such a thing. My wife told me how pleasant it would be for me, to go every now and then to look at the old shop; and my daughter talked of the numerous acquaintance that she had in the neighbourhood of Islington and Pentonville, so that at last I was persuaded to take up my abode down a lane at the end of Islington, with a cow-yard opposite to my house, where I don't see twenty people from one week's end to another. I assure you, Sir, I am almost

moped to death—I have always been used to rise early. My wife and daughter never make their appearance before eleven, so that in the winter I was obliged to lie in bed in my own defence; but now as spring comes on, I can't bear the idea of being so lazy, though when I am up I can find nothing to amuse me but looking at the cows going in and out of the yard opposite. After breakfast the women walk out; shopping or making calls employ them till five o'clock, before which hour I can get no dinner, though in my poor mother's time we always used to dine at one. I never know what to do with myself till dinner time, for I don't like to go shopping with the women, besides which they won't let me; and as to their friends, as they call them, I hate the very sight of them. After dinner, I am generally favoured with a lecture from my wife or daughter, by way of improving my taste, as they say; but they might spare their breath, for I shall never be any other than I am. My wife teases me to have my clothes made more fashionable, but for my own part I think they are of a very good fashion, what do you think, Sir?" I nodded assent. "Then," continued he, "she says that I ought to read all the newspapers and magazines, and study politics, so that I might tattle to Mr. Plunket the tinman, who has a country house near mine; but as I tell her, I'll never puzzle my brains about it at this time of day. Then my daughter wants me to learn to play at cards, and so lose my money as fast as she does; but I know better; and as to the country, she sickens me with her praises of rural life, and all such nonsense regularly every day; and about her botany too, because she happens to have half-a-dozen half-starved geraniums stuck up at the parlour window. Their card parties occupy their evenings. If I stay at home, I am moped to death, and if I go with them where there are men (which is very seldom the case), I am bothered and plagued about politics, and ministry, and such like things, that I never troubled my head about; as why should I? I was in business, and if I could sell my goods, what did it signify to me how the world wagged? I might go to the alehouse to be sure, but that would not suit me, for there they are nothing but a set of men that go to try which shall drink the most; and I should soon be fuddled amongst them, for I never used to drink any thing but small

beer, and a pint of porter at night or so; if I had I should never have got money enough to live without business. Then if they talk at all, it is about cock-fighting, or boxing, or cudgelling, or some such things that I know nothing about, so that if I go, I must either make a fool of myself, or get laughed at. I never got drunk there but once, and then I was carried home; and the next morning I had a long lecture from my daughter upon the virtue of sobriety, but she made use of so many hard words, that I could not understand much about it." "Pray, Sir," said I, "are not you fond of reading?" "No, Sir," replied he, "it is what I have never been used to. I had no time to read when I was in business, without it was in such books as the Tradesman's Guide, Every Man his own Broker, the Directory, or my Interest Tables; and those I have now no occasion for: therefore unless it is a newspaper now and then, I never find any amusement in it." "And you are not fond of walking, I believe," added I. "No, Sir," returned he, "I an't; in winter it was too cold for me to stir out, and now it is warmer, the dust is so troublesome, that if I do go out I generally go in the stage, and come back in the same way." "Then your rides are only to London, I suppose," continued I. "O," said he, "I see now what you are driving at, you think I am fond of walking in the country—no, no, they never catch me at that: why, there's nothing to be seen but brick-kilns, or a field or two now and then, and if you have seen them once that's quite enough, let you go as often as you will they are just the same—no, no. If ever I do walk, it is to Cheapside and the bank, and thereabouts. I often go and peep into my old shop, and wish myself measuring a yard of tape, or weighing an ounce of thread; those were my happy days, and such as I shall never see again: therefore I do not much care what becomes of me now."

Here the coach stopped at the house of my companion, and of course his recital ended, as he wished me a good afternoon, and alighted from the vehicle, from which I was soon after set down also; but the haberdasher's grievances seemed to me to be so applicable to others as well as himself, that I could not forbear making them the subject of my present number.

PETER PENNYLESS.

A FRAGMENT.

"THE world," said I, "is full of ingratitude."---"Aye," replied Peter Pennyless, "so the world says; but I maintain it, that one half of the world, when they talk of ingratitude, do not understand the meaning of the expression."---"Impossible!" said I: "sure every school-boy——"---"Hold!" added Peter; "these gray hairs came not without experience; and experience has taught me, that ingratitude, in the true sense of the word, is not so common as you seem to think."---"Prove that, my friend Peter, and I'll burn Rochefoucault's Maxims, and become enamoured with mankind."---"To prove it," replied Peter, "would perhaps be difficult; but I'll relate a few facts, and they are such as occur every day.

"I applied to my friend Presto for a favour: Presto considered for about half a minute, and then, with a look of sympathetic friendship, declared he was very sorry he could not oblige me. I felt a degree of pain---not on my own account, but on his. My mortification at the disappointment was entirely swallowed up by the uneasiness I felt for having reduced him to the necessity of refusing a friend; and this sensation, if it did not increase my friendship for him, at least did not diminish it. I knew Presto would have served me, had it been in his power.

"I next applied to Allegro.---'Yes, my friend! I am happy to oblige you.' And my request was immediately granted. For this favour, and it was a trifling one, but well-timed, I felt a degree of gratitude which I cannot express: I would requite Allegro a thousand fold!

"On another occasion I requested a favour of Penseroso; and Penseroso could have immediately gratified me, had he been so inclined: but---'he could not give me an immediate answer---he would think on't.' A considerable time elapsed, and---no answer. I applied a second time, and obtained my request. I observed, however, a cloud on his brow, which plainly indicated that he was far from taking a

pleasure in what he did. I am not naturally ungrateful; but, on this occasion, I felt very little gratitude.

"To Severus I made known some difficulties in which I was involved, and requested his assistance to extricate me. Severus started at the request---looked very serious---and required time to deliberate. After a reasonable interval, I renewed my application. His countenance now wore an appearance of reserve and disgust, and 'he had not as yet determined.' I again waited a considerable time for an answer; but in vain. I applied a third time: Severus now looked---but I will not attempt to describe his looks!---suffice it to say, that every glance of his eye was a dagger to my soul. Had my exigences been less pressing, or had I known where else to apply for assistance, I would have turned from him with scorn and indignation, nor have waited for his answer; but as I had advanced so far, I was under a sort of necessity to proceed. The desired assistance, indeed, I obtained, though with some difficulty, and attended with some remarks, admonitions, and something even bordering upon reproof, that hurt my feelings to the last degree. On this occasion, so far from feeling the smallest emotion of gratitude, I carried home a secret displeasure, and even something like resentment against Severus.

"How will you account for the different sensations I felt on these several occasions? Was I ungrateful in the two last instances? Penseroso, Severus, and others of their stamp, may perhaps think me so; but I trust that I shall be acquitted of the charge by every man of feeling and sensibility; and to such only would I appeal; for as to those who are themselves unacquainted with the finer and more delicate sensations of the human breast, and can therefore make no allowance for their operations in others, I should be as unwilling to appeal to them on the subject of sensibility or gratitude, as to a blind man on the subject of colours.

"Let us then take a review of those different transactions, and examine what sensations they might naturally be expected to produce in the bosom of any man not quite callous to all the finer feelings of human nature.

"By Presto's immediate refusal, I was at once relieved from the pain and anxiety of suspense. Even this I considered as a favour, especially as the refusal was accompanied

with expressions of friendship, whose sincerity I had no reason to call in question. And besides, my wish was instantly gratified on making application to Allegro; so that, in fact, Presto benefited me more essentially by refusing me on the spot, than he could have done by granting me the favour after a week's delay.

"Allegro, by serving me at once, gave me a full opportunity of deriving every possible advantage from the favour he conferred, and thus enhanced its value. And then, his manner! he appeared to consider the favour as a mere trifle, and to wish that I should consider it in the same light. Nay, he seemed to think that it was I who conferred an obligation on him, by giving him an opportunity of shewing his friendship. Thus he at once smothered, in their birth, all those painful and humiliating reflections, which naturally arise in every feeling bosom on soliciting a favour, and left my heart open to the impressions of joy, friendship, and gratitude. I felt them in their full force: I feel them still, and shall for ever be proud to acknowledge an obligation to Allegro.

"Penseroso, on the other hand, thought---and thought---and thought! Perhaps, in fact, he never once, in my absence, bestowed a single thought on me or my concerns. In the interval of delay, to say nothing of the anxiety and uneasiness of expectation, I suffered inconveniences, to which I should not have been exposed, if he had granted me the favour at once; and from which the favour, when at length it was conferred, did not fully extricate me.---Had he refused me at once, I should have immediately turned my eye upon some other person, who, like Allegro, would perhaps have obliged me without hesitation or delay. As he had not refused me, I had still hopes of attaining my wish. Fear constantly attends hope, and anxiety ever walks hand-in-hand with fear. My mind alternately agitated with hope, fear, and anxiety, I determined to wait his answer. No answer given---what's to be done? Reveal my necessities to another?---Mortifying! Renew my application to Penseroso?---Equally so!

"On the whole, however, as Penseroso was already made acquainted with my situation, I thought it better to submit to the mortification of applying to him a second

time, than to reveal my distresses to a third person. With reluctance I prevailed on myself to renew my solicitation. My request, indeed, was complied with; but observe—the favour granted me was exactly of such a nature and consequence, that the pleasure resulting from it was but barely sufficient to counterbalance the pain and uneasiness I had felt from the delay, and the mortification which attended the renewal of my request.—What room here for gratitude?

"Had Penseroso, when at length he did grant my request, apologized for the delay—had the accents of friendship burst forth from his lips—had benevolence beamed from his eye—they would have reached my heart, and there produced their natural effect—gratitude. For, in every heart, whether of human or savage mould, has the hand of nature sown the seeds of gratitude; and if they there lie dormant, and decay, 'tis but for want of the sunshine of benevolence to warm and animate the soil, to call them forth into birth, and make them blossom to maturity. Nothing of this kind attended the interview with Penseroso; quite the contrary. I retired, therefore, with the resolution of discharging the debt as soon as in my power. When the duty was performed, I looked upon myself as exonerated from all further claim on his part, and obligation on mine.

"The service, indeed, which Severus rendered me, was of such magnitude, that the delight and satisfaction arising from it would be more than sufficient to counterbalance the uneasiness and chagrin which I had unavoidably experienced during the interval of suspense, and the pain attendant on a second and even a third application; but, unfortunately, Severus would not suffer me to incur a debt of gratitude. In the very act of conferring the favour, he threw so much additional mortification into the one scale, which was already but too heavily charged, as to make it outweigh all the pleasure and satisfaction in the other. Having, therefore, fairly summed up the account in my own mind, I found there remained, in his favour, a balance of pain and disgust. This pain and disgust he had, if not wantonly, at least, unnecessarily, subjected me to; I therefore credited the balance on his account.

"Thus it has happened that Severus, in rendering me a

considerable service, diminished my esteem and friendship for him; whereas Allegro, by a trifling obligation, took immoveable possession of my heart; and Penseroso, although he conferred a favour, did not make greater advances in my friendship than Presto in refusing one.

"On the whole, from the observations I have made through life, I am thoroughly convinced that real ingratitude is not so common among mankind, as superficial observers are apt to imagine; and I think that any person who is at all acquainted with the secret springs of human actions, and has carefully noticed the conduct of those around him, must acknowledge that, for one man that is ungrateful through want of principle, twenty will be found, who, though otherwise of grateful dispositions, feel this gratitude frozen by the cold, unfriendly manner in which favours are conferred, or suffered to perish, through the delays, reluctance, and hesitation of those who confer them.

"Almost every man knows from experience, that the delay of an answer to a request, or of the performance of a promise, keeps the expectant in suspense; and the transition from the feeling of pain to the feeling of resentment, against the person who causes it, is so easy and imperceptible, that when, by unnecessary delays and procrastination, the pain and anxiety is continued, we need not be surprized if a degree of ——, I'll not venture to say 'resentment,' but, at least, coldness, proportioned to the degree of pain, should sometimes happen to spring up in the bosom along with it.

"The heart of man is a fertile, luxuriant soil; let any passion once take root there, it soon flourishes and gathers strength; and unhappily the evil passions, like noxious weeds of every kind, are but too apt to flourish without the labours of cultivation. This coolness, therefore, or, if you please, resentment, the longer it is matured by hesitation and delay, strikes the deeper root, and branches out the farther; and when, at length, the expected favour is conferred, what effect does it produce? If conferred in a delicate and friendly manner, it may, perhaps, calm the uneasy sensations which took their rise during the interval of delay; but as to gratitude, it cannot be expected to pro-

duce much of that, unless it be a favour of very great consequence indeed; but if, on the contrary, the long-expected favour, however great its value and consequence, be conferred in a harsh, indelicate, degrading manner, though the necessities of the receiver may force him to accept it, yet, in the acceptance, he must feel an additional mortification, which, added to his former disagreeable sensations, cannot but stifle and smother all ideas of gratitude that might, for the moment, attempt to force themselves into his breast; and can leave nought behind but disgust and resentment. In a word, he will be no more obliged to the person who renders him such a service, and in such a manner, than a hungry beggar would be to a man, who, on being asked for food, should in a passion, fling a hard crust in his face, and knock out his teeth with it."

Here Peter ended. I was going to reply, but he would not stay. His friend Allegro had met with an accident, which prevented him from superintending his harvest. Peter had just heard this, and was, when I met him, hastening, unasked, and on foot, to Allegro's farm, at the distance of ten miles, to assist his friend, in return for the favour he had received from him forty years before.

T.

THE CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 222.]

REGINALD remained in his cell a prey to the most heart-rending apprehensions; rage, despair, and mortification alternately distracted his mind, yet he still determined on giving a positive denial to the persuasions of Fernando, even though the idea of his beloved Rosa's being the victim wrought his mind to a state of phrenzy. Could he have seen her he would readily have plunged a sword into her bosom, rather than have left her exposed to the indignities which he well knew awaited her, but as that was impossible, he could only pray that Heaven would inspire her with fortitude, and protect her innocence. Several hours elapsed in this state of mental anguish, when his meditations were

interrupted by the entrance of the old woman: he eagerly enquired for Rosa. The woman surveyed him with scrutinizing attention.—"She is well, signor; but pray may I know if she is related to you?" "Your question is impertinent;" replied Reginald, turning from her. "Nay, signor, be not displeased; I may have more friendly intentions than you imagine." Reginald was surprized; a gleam of hope enlivened his heart. He regarded the old woman with an anxious air, and her countenance fell beneath his scrutiny. "Couldst thou serve us," he cried, "doubt not my gratitude—the most ample reward thy wishes could demand should be thine." "Answer my question," said the old woman, with a faultering voice, "How is this girl connected with thee,—by marriage, or is she thy daughter?" "Candidly, then," said Reginald, "she is my adopted child, and I design to make her my wife." The old woman trembled—a deep groan burst from her withered bosom, and she covered her face with her hands. "What means this emotion?" demanded Reginald. "You knew not her parents?" rejoined the old woman. "I knew them not." "Suppose they were infamous?" "No matter, Rosa is virtuous!" "Can you swear this in the face of Heaven?" "I can." "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the old woman, fervently. Her exclamation astonished Reginald, and he eagerly demanded why she seemed so deeply interested. "The child is mine!" Reginald started—"Horrible! it cannot be:—Who and what are you?" A ghastly smile played on the old woman's features;—"I am now servant to a band of robbers, but I was not always the wretch you see me—I dare not reveal more—another time—but pray tell me where and when did you meet with Rosa." Reginald related every circumstance. "In the forest, say you?" cried the woman; "how miraculous!" And when Reginald spoke of the desolate life he led in the cave, tears trickled down her furrowed cheeks. "Did she never mention Madam Winderbourn?" "It was the first person she spoke of—her mother!—could it be you?" "You may believe it—but we must talk of things more important. I will release you from this place if you will permit me to accompany you." Reginald hesitated; he feared that the old woman's asser-

tion might be a fabrication; but when she repeated to him every particular of the child's dress, and mentioned the mark on Rosa's arm; by which she had recognized her, his doubts were, in great measure, removed, and the desire of escaping surmounting every other consideration, he agreed to her proposal. Midnight was the time fixed on for their deliverance, and Reginald impatiently awaited her fulfilment of her promise. At the appointed hour, his prison door was thrown open, and Rosa threw herself into his arms; Alphonso too pressed forward to embrace him. "Oh, my dear sir!" cried Rosa, "What a discovery; but what are your sentiments now towards your poor girl?—can this woman be my mother?" "She asserts herself to be such," said Reginald, "and we cannot disprove it; but she has proved herself our friend, at least, and we have yet much to learn before we can decide." "I know not how it is," said Rosa, sighing; "but a secret antipathy which I cannot account for, checks the impulse of nature. Anxious as I was to know my parents, the discovery now gives me more pain than pleasure." In a few minutes they were joined by Madam Winderbourn.—"All is well," said she, "we must now escape without delay. The robbers are all safe." Alphonso shuddered with horror: "Is it possible you can wear that calm and satisfied mien, after the perpetration of such a deed; though they are robbers my heart recoils at the idea of murder." "In the present case," said Madam Winderbourn, drawing her hood, which she always wore, closer over her eyes; "Murder has not been necessary; at supper I mixed a powerful soporific in their wine, and the whole party are in a sleep, as deep almost as that of death. When we are safe beyond their reach it will be at your option, signor, whether you will deliver them up to the hands of justice, or suffer them to continue their depredations on the public." "Assuredly, I will," said Reginald, "but let us away while we are safe. I see you have been provident in securing our arms." "Whither are you bound;" asked Madam Winderbourn. "To a castle some leagues from hence, but I think it best now to return to the cottage." This being agreed on, Madam Winderbourn led them to the stable, from which they supplied themselves with horses, and without further delay departed.

The good Arnold and his family were surprised and delighted at the unexpected return of their friends. After they had related their adventure, Arnold was dispatched to the next town to give information to the police, and in a few days the forest was cleared of this infamous band of depredators; Reginald then proposed setting out for the chateau, and requested Madam Winderbourn to furnish herself with apparel suitable to the situation she must hold in his family. "Alas!" said she, "it is not possible for me to hold a respectable station in society; all I have to request of you is, that you will use your interest to procure me admission into a convent, where, in peace and penitence I may end my wretched life." Reginald and Rosa offered to oppose this resolution, and intreated her to relate the occurrences of her life. "You know not what you ask," said she, "The story I have to relate will prove, I fear, fatal to your peace; and, but that *it must be told*, it should be buried in my breast for ever: promise, however, that you will do as I require of you.—I must have your promise." Her features seemed convulsed with agony—her whole frame shook; and Rosa was obliged to support her, while Reginald promised most solemnly to comply with her request. She then rose slowly from her seat, tottered towards Reginald, and falling at his feet, threw back her hood—"Gaze on these features," she cried, "does not a trace remain of what was once beheld with rapture:—has infamy and misery so completely deformed my countenance that you know not Julia?" "Heaven and earth!" cried Reginald, "can this be?—When, when shall I find peace?" With a frantic arm he seized his sword, but was withheld by Alphonso, who restrained his fury, and used every gentle persuasion to controul his rage and indignation. The wretched cause of all his misery remained senseless on the ground: Arnold and Rosa assisted her to a bed, and soon succeeded in restoring her to recollection. "It is all over," said she, "I see deep-rooted abhorrence is fixed in his heart. Oh, shield me from his wrath, and hide me in the bowels of the earth! I will never see him more—the lightning of his eye would blast me. Yet still I have a consolation; Providence has brought us this once together, to prevent a most dreadful event—an union of sin and horror.

Rosa, Rosa, fall on your knees and adore that mysterious power which has disclosed to you the secret of your birth. —That Reginald is your father!" Rosa clasped her hands with rapturous emotion, she rushed wildly from the chamber —she flew to Reginald, and clasping his knees, bedewed his hands with tears.—"I feel, I feel I am your child;" she cried, "Oh, my father! do not turn away from me with disgust.—Your frown will kill me. Though you hate her who gave me birth, I am innocent—you cannot hate your Rosa!" Reginald's rage was calmed. A soft sensation of paternal love subdued the stronger passions; he caught her in his arms and wept over her. "How could I mistake my feelings?" said he, "Nature ever pleaded for you, my Rosa; ever welcome shalt thou be to a wretched father's heart: but thy mother, girl, let me not think of her—distraction would be the consequence."

"Oh, dreadful fate!" cried Rosa, "to shudder at the name of a mother. What can I say?—How can I dare to plead?"

"She surely cannot hope to be reconciled; she must not be so presumptuous."

"Ah, no!" replied Rosa, "she is now busy with her pen, to make you acquainted with the events of her past life; when that painful task is completed, she claims your promise to place her in a convent, and there, without daring to ask one parting look, it is her intention to quit you for ever." "It must be so," said Reginald, musing; "I will write immediately to the superieure of St. Sidwell's abbey, and procure her admission. Bring the paper to me when it is finished." Rosa returned to her mother's chamber; she found the guilty penitent in a state of nervous irritation, which gave symptoms of a fever. She called Rosa to her, with tenderness;—"Child," said she, "would thy pure soul shrink from an embrace? not all the pangs inflicted by remorse, shame, or a tormenting conscience, can equal the anguish of a mother who feels herself the object of abhorrence to her own offspring. My very heart's blood would I now voluntarily yield to obtain one kiss of affection; but it cannot be—I feel it cannot be." Rosa trembled almost to fainting, and fell into her mother's arms agonized beyond description. "Poor child!" cried Julia,

"I have distressed thee too much; this parting embrace, and I will exert every faculty to act this last scene with becoming resolution. Go Rosa, sweet innocent! may Heaven's blessing be on thee, and the prayers of a wretched sinner avail!——Go, child, go; the scene will soon be too shocking— go, go, go———."

Rosa took the paper which her mother held towards her, and pressing her hand, as if with an assurance of pity and forgiveness, quitted the room, and returned to her father, repeating to him what had passed, and presenting the letter, he instantly unclosed it, and read as follows.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VERBAL INVASION.

MR. EDITOR,

I am an old fashioned mortal, known by the name of a *True Englishman;* a plain speaker, a lover of beef, and an abominator of foreign customs. The invasion of the French *men* I value not a rush. We are ready! But I must confess there is another species of *Invasion* which vexes me exceedingly—I mean the confounded custom of introducing *French words* into our language, which is arrived to such a height, that a plain country gentleman can scarcely understand one word in ten of his *mother tongue*—it is so frittered away—by what our sailors call *puppy lingo.*

One man, at a loss to explain himself, comes out with a "*Je ne scais quoi.*"

A second won't describe particulars, but praises the "*tout ensemble.*"

A third drops in when dinner is serving up, and declares he comes quite "*á propos.*"

A fourth can't enter a theatre without exclaiming, "What a *coup d'œil!*"

A fifth vows that Mrs. ——— is not handsome, but her face has a pleasing "*tournure!*" And

A sixth sagaciously doubts whether ministers are "*au fait.*"

I dont find fault with certain women being styled, "*Elegantes,*" simpering Misses "*Belles,*" and effeminate fellows "*Beaux;*" but I am transported with rage when I re-

flect that this unaccountable innovation has even crept into our army, as our soldiers are instructed to "*deployer*," and fire a "*feu de joye*," whilst our Volunteer Associations are universally called "*Corps!*"

Excuse my warmth, Mr. Editor, and allow your circulating Museum to be the vehicle of an attempt to dissuade my brave countrymen from uttering the *sentiments of Britons* with the *tongues of Frenchmen*.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your humble servant, and a
TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1. A Straw Hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with artificial Flowers; Pelisse of Primrose Silk, covered with plain Leno.

Fig. 2. A Hat of white Satin, made small on one side and deep on the other, trimmed with pale blue Ribbond and white Roses; Cap of Picket Muslin; Blue Sarsnet Dress, white Scarf Cloak, and buff Gloves.

Fig. 3. Round Fancy Hat of white Crape, lined with green Silk, and trimmed with Roses; Gown of green Silk, with a circular Fan.

Fig. 4. A white Cambric Dress, plain long Sleeves, with the Neck cut quite Square; Cap of white Satin, with a Veil to fall over the Shoulders, and Flowers in front.

Fig. 5. A figured Leno Cap, trimmed with Lace; Pink Muslin Dress, with white Ribbond round the Sleeves and Neck, and white Kid Gloves.

LONDON DRESSES for JULY.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharp, Poultry. July 1 1807.

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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

JULY.

BY DR. PERFECT.

" Welcome ye shades, ye bowery thickets hail!
" Ye lofty pines—ye venerable oaks;
" Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep,
" Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
" As to the hunted hare the sallying spring."

THOMSON.

YE Dryads who woo the recess,
Where the oaks ample shadows extend,
To your haunts of retirement I press,
The muse they so sweetly befriend.
From morning too brilliant I stray,
From Sol's fierce meridian blaze,
When mute is the chorister's lay,
And pointed his vertical rays.

Retirement, how sweet is thy pow'r;
I fly from the indolent breeze:
Retreat from the hot-panting hour,
Receive me ye gloom-shedding trees.
With you lovely silence prevails,
You shelter my Celadon's seat,
Whose cot no ambition assails,
Save that to be honest and neat.

No sycophant here shall be heard,
Where friendship soft quietude seeks,
Sincerity utters the word,
From lips of veracity speaks.
What tho' in this temperate scite,
This hermitage decent and clean;
No pane of high polish the light
Reflects to illumine the scene.

What tho' on the unadorn'd wall
Her chissel does sculpture deny;
No portals conduct to the hall,
Where paintings replenish the eye:
Yet here to the garden of sweets,
Fair solitude leads by the hand,
The hind whom felicity greets,
And scorns the least wish to be grand.

The bright fascination of wealth,
No envy to Celadon brings;
His lot is contentment and health!
And with pity he looks down on kings.
Exempt from vexation and strife,
Devotion sheds balm on his breast;
How smooth is that tenor of life,
When conscience yields poppies of rest.

Tho' lost are the posies of spring,
Their blossoms all gone to decay;
Progression the lily shall bring,
As sweet and as soft as the May.
Transcendantly white are her flow'rs,
Most gratefully fair to the sight;
In silver-like grandeur she tow'rs,
The garden's chief pride and delight.

The amaranth has not denied
The eglantine's blossoms to join,
The currant is seen by her side,
Couch'd under the wide-spreading vine;
The boughs of the cherry and pear,
A canopy mutually form,
His cottage from perils to spare,
When rages the war of the storm.

Big clouds now collecting behold,
Opaque is the regent of light;
What horrors the mid-day enfold,
Appears an unseasonable night!
The thunder, impressive of pain,
Rolls awfully solemn around,
And now it reverberates again,
Tremendous, indeed, is the sound!

How dark and how dismal the scene,
Now rushes in torrents the rain;
Red flashes of fate intervene,
Now shakes with convulsion the plain!

Let elements fretful contend,
All ether dissolve in a blaze,
To the soul of my unappall'd friend,
Their fury no terror conveys.

The wonderful concert is o'er,
Hush'd all its impetuous rage;
Great Ruler! to thee let me pour,
The thanks that my bosom engage.
The tempest is o'er—and the Sun
Descends with his Thetis to rest;
If e'er by my theme thou wast won,
Come, Delia, soft queen of my breast!

Lo, evening! meek daughter of day;
As thee, in appearance, serene;
Her smiles must enliven my lay,
So calm and unclouded her mien.
The lark to her nestlings descends,
The grove deepens faster to brown;
To home the poor cottager bends,
And lays him contentedly down.

The flocks and the herds all at large,
Their coverts of coolness now leave,
To taste of the rill's verdant marge,
And share the sweet gifts of the eve.
The swallow in search of his prey,
Skims lightly o'er thistle and brake;
Glides swift as for plunder or play,
He dashes the bed of the lake.

How bright are the smiles of thy youth,
Where summer perpetually reigns;
Thou gem of original truth,
We'll join in the dance of the plains;
Thro' fields where the purple-ey'd tare
Blooms, lavish thy presence to greet;
To glades of refreshment repair,
Where offers the moss-cushion'd seat.

To gain a repast for the eye,
Yon eminence let us explore;
There, Delia, let us descry,
The streamers that crimson the shore;
Till day by gradation shall fade,
The ev'ning's last shadows prevail;
And Cynthia, soft-mantled in shade,
Full-orb'd, tells her marvellous tale,

Sole pride of my pastoral lay,
Dear maid of my uniform love,
The morn of the long summer's day,
And noon must to evening remove;
But soon when her shadows are fled,
Aurora the day shall renew;
The sun shall arise from his bed,
And re-lumine each beautiful view.

How like is the Portrait of Man!
The morn of his infancy fades;
The race of his manhood soon ran,
Then age bends him down to the shades:
But as bright as Aurora's return,
Regenerate man shall arise,
Triumphant burst forth from his urn,
And beam in the bliss of the skies.

MATILDA.

AH say, can proud pre-eminence or wealth
Compel unstable happiness to last?
Can beauty's charms, or blooming tint of health,
Screen from affliction's desolating blast?

No; stern misfortune, with impartial hate,
Oft bows the humble and the lofty head,
Strikes at the gilded palace of the great,
Nor spares the peasant's ivy-cover'd shed.

How oft the blushing rose, the sweetest flow'r
That ever grac'd the garden with its form,
Resigns its beauties in a luckless hour,
And falls the victim of the direful storm!

Matilda once with happiness was blest,
And wing'd with pleasure, all her moments flew;
Corroding care had ne'er her mind oppress'd,
No anxious pang her tender bosom knew.

Stranger to ev'ry mean deceit and guile,
Fair innocence in all her looks was seen;
Simplicity appear'd in ev'ry smile,
And virgin-sweetness deck'd her lovely mien.

But, ah! this innocence, so void of art,
Prov'd, hapless maiden, but a baneful snare;
Too soon thou found'st what vices stain the heart,
What various forms *curs'd flattery* can wear.

Young *Henry* saw *Matilda* and admir'd,
In *Friendship's* name oft visited her cot;
With winning fraud her breast with *love* he fir'd,
Then basely lur'd her from the peaceful spot.

Here fled Matilda's joys; for o'er her mind
Grief spread her wing, and prey'd upon her frame;
Untaught to hear reproach, she shun'd mankind,
And sunk, oppress'd with infamy and shame!

But now, fond maid, the transient scene is o'er,
A scene replete with complicated woe;
Affliction's pang shall rend that heart no more,
Too finely form'd to bear the ruthless blow.

For lock'd in death's inexorable chain,
No more shall calumny disturb thy soul;
The sullen grave protects thy heart from pain,
And black despair *resigns* his stern controul.

Still let the world with ignominy brand,
The silent dust supports Matilda's head;
And willows planted by the friendly hand
Now wave majestic o'er her grassy bed.

Ah, wretched victim to a villain's tale!
The hour will come when Henry's breast shall sigh;
When o'er his cheeks pale sickness draws her veil,
Remorse will dim the lustre of his eye.

Remembrance painting thee when once so fair,
Array'd in innocence and youthful bloom,
Relentless anguish and confus'd despair
Will speed thy Henry's passage to the tomb.

W. C.

THE VALE OF SONG.

(Concluded from p. 237, Vol. II.)

LAURA to distant regions fled,
With her the fleeting Muses led;
But sighing sadly e'er they go,
They o'er the vale drop'd tears of woe.
Those tears were bright Castalian dew,
And round an inspiration threw.
Each scene a brighter radiance show'd,
Each flower with deeper blushes glow'd:
Unusual warmth seiz'd every tongue,
Each rustic poet sweeter sung.

The sportive boy, who from each tree,
Or dale, or hill, pour'd melody,
Drop'd a sad tear, and breath'd a song,
Wandering the river's banks along.

SONG.

O loveliest blossom of the spring!
O fair unsullied rose!
Here thy lorn nightingales must sing,
Breathing their music through the spring,
To tell their bitter woes.
Thy influence here no longer shed,
Each rapt'rous note of joy is fled.

'Mid rill-bespangled groves with me
Thou oft hast pluck'd the flowers,
And I from top of some high tree
The fairest apple sought for thee,
And hung it in thy bowers.
No longer now the flowers or trees
Which thou forsak'st have charms to please.

But whither hast thou wing'd thy flight—
To mountain, woods, or vale?
Thou, like the sun in setting bright,
Should leave behind a trail of light,
To tell the parting tale.
But here each ray of light is gone,
While others boast the rising sun.

I saw a bow in yonder sky
All radiant as the spring,
Glowing with rich celestial dye;
Its kindling beauties rais'd on high
A bright reflection fling.
Whilst all around fell balmy showers,
Ethereal dews o'er earthly flowers.

One sloping wing the meteor threw
Over the heaving sea,
The other, mingling with the dew,
Glitter'd the glowing woodland through,
Lur'd by its brilliancy.
I strove to catch the painted light,
But, O! it vanish'd from my sight!

Thus in our vale did Laura shine,
Thus vanish from our eyes;
Her genius did our songs refine—
Vainly we seek the light divine,
From us with her it flies.
Yet here shall her remembrance stay,
And fancy hail it every day.

Sweetly he sung: then through the vale,
Filling with sighs the scented gale,
Fair Agnes' music stole along;
Sad, though resign'd, thus flow'd her song.—

SONG.

Too quickly, Laura, art thou from us flown;
Yet still thy beauties in our memories shine,
Bright as the beams which from the western throne
Mark the decline of day with tints divine:
Transported we behold the heavenly ray—
We hail its glories, but we wish its stay:

As the lone traveller, who with joyless eyes
Beholds the fading heaven's diminish'd light,
Reflects on nature's laws, nor murm'ring sighs,
Though lost forlorn in solitude and night.
Thus to necessity's strong power I bow,
And check the tears which copiously would flow.

Such were the sighs which echo'd round;
But Edward's sorrow, more profound,
Sought not in words a vain relief:
He mix'd repentance with his grief.
Though often struggling nature spoke,
And passion all resistance broke,
His father rous'd a manlier fire,
And rais'd his dormant virtues higher.

MARY'S GRAVE.

IN yonder grave, beside the yew,
By nature sweetly drest;
In yonder spot that's seen by few,
Poor Mary lies at rest.
What, tho' no tomb appears to tell,
Of ills she could not brave,
A parent's tears have often fell
On Mary's humble grave.

Deceiv'd by man, from luckless maid,
Condemn'd reproach to bear;
But, Edward, now thy victim's laid,
Beyond the reach of care:
Alas! confiding in thy truth,
Her heart to thee she gave;
Sure now thou'lt weep, O treach'rous youth!
O'er Mary's humble grave.

On Mary once her parents smil'd,
For once she was their pride;
But now, alas! they've lost their child,
She broken-hearted died!

O friendly yew, to guard this spot,
Around thy branches wave,
And when her name shall be forgot,
O shelter Mary's grave.

AN ENIGMA.

AS Phœbus with his golden beams
Does melt the scatter'd snow,
Dissolves the late congealing streams,
And makes the waters flow:

So I dissolve the tender heart,
And melt the humble breast:
I do kind charity impart
To all that are distress'd.

When raging seas the vessel dash
Towards the bending skies;
While thunders roar and lightnings flash,
I gaze with swimming eyes.

Or, When grim death with fury flies
The parent's life to take,
I on the orphan cast mine eyes,
And ne'er can him forsake.

I in afflictions bear a part;
I'm of the mournful train;
May I, dear Emma! grace thy heart,
And ever there remain.

M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Shakspeariana.—The invention of *old trunks* is now stale. As *we know* our correspondent is capable of better things, we shall be happy to receive from him something more creditable to our work and his abilities.

We did not receive C's contribution till *long after* our Wreath for June was made up. Our favours from correspondents are so numerous, that our Museum is generally compiled by the 12th of each month. Communications received after that time are necessarily postponed to the following month.

We request H. St. Ives, to apply to the Proprietors, as it is not in our power to answer the questions proposed in his polite note.

M. P. M.'s communications are received. We cannot promise to insert them all, though most of those in *prose* shall appear in turn.

"Rodolpho," "Edward and Rosabel," are received, and will be inserted: as also the extract from "Music," &c.

If "A Careful Reader," who, by the bye, seems to have little claim to that title, will refer to page 96, of our second volume, New Series, he will find his question answered.

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Queen of Prussia